

## ACROSS THE PLAINS.

The plains were wide and vast and desolate. The mountain peaks seemed cool and near. The sun hung low toward the west. The air was still, and the night was near.

She lay down on the ground, and her head was on the sand. The stars were shining, and the night was near.

The stars were shining, and the night was near. The stars were shining, and the night was near.

The stars were shining, and the night was near. The stars were shining, and the night was near.

The stars were shining, and the night was near. The stars were shining, and the night was near.

## HORRORS OF DRUNKENNESS

SOME OF THE PHENOMENA OF ALCOHOLIC EXCESS.

We were four. We sat talking in the lobby of a Denver hotel. It was 11 p. m. The talk was languishing, when the wide doors opening to the street were thrown apart violently, and a tall, heavily built man walked in. His coat was wet with rain, and his face was pale. He stepped toward us, and with a drunken smile, said, "Howdy, boys!" Then, before we could greet him, he turned away, saying, "It is at night for me. I may as well go see the creature." Entering the elevator, he disappeared.

Wondering what Dalton meant by "at night," I asked one of my companions the meaning of the phrase. He replied, "A phantom cat comes to Dalton during the night following his third day of hard drinking. It is a warning to him to put on the brakes."

"Tell me of it," I said. Compiling, he said: "Dalton speaks. He drinks at long intervals, and never in moderation. When the wild desire for alcohol assails him, resistance is seemingly impossible. He turns his mind over to his friends and comes to Denver. He drinks exclusively the first day, still more the second, and he turns himself loose on the third. He is a heavy and very powerful man, and can drink an enormous quantity of whiskey before becoming to the point of being drunk. By the end of the third day Dalton is very nervous. Soon after he falls into his first drunken sleep on the third night he always dreams that he comes into his room; that a noise, as though something scratching on the carpet under his bed, attracts his attention; that looking under the bed, he sees a large yellow toment, with a bristling tail as big as a rolling pin. The cat is tearing the carpet with its sharp claws. Indifferent to cats, or dogs, or any animal that walks on earth, he undresses and gets into bed. Instantly he is smitten with paralysis. He cannot move. His brain works without friction and is wonderfully clear. His vision is penetrative. He can see through the bed, and sees the cat on the floor in the corner. His clear sight pierces through the disguise of the creature and he realizes that it is an eye-devouring, flesh-eating devil. He knows that the fiend will come out from under the bed and jump upon the footboard. Standing there with arched back and swelling tail, the creature will utter frightful cries preparatory to leaping, with distended claws, on his face and tearing out his eyes. Dalton becomes afraid of the cat. He tries to call for help. He strives to move. His efforts are vain. The cat leaps to the footboard, and glares at him with distended feline eyes. Again he struggles to throw off the paralysis. He cannot move. The cat, with a horrid cry, springs on his upturned face. Under the spur of this, a premonitory horror he rallies, and, with an exhaustive effort he awakens. He is unnered. He trembles like a timid woman. His heart beats quickly. It takes three or four days of perfect rest and solitude to restore his nervous system. He drinks no more for months."

"Does he know, while suffering from this alcoholic nightmare that it is a nightmare?"

"Yes," my companion answered, "he knows it. But he also knows that if he does not awaken, and so prevent the yellow toment from getting in his work the cat will kill him. It is in early life of this cat, though he knows it is but an alcoholic phantom. And underneath his dread of the cat lies the fear of death resulting from alcoholism. The cat is only a faint shadow cast by the approaching jinnams, that stalk specter-like in the vestibule of his brain."

"The warnings come drinking men receive are very strange," said the oldest of our party. "I know several men who are speers, who have warnings, generally visions more or less horrible, but invariably the same, when they approach the wall behind which the jinnams lurk. Probably the most striking case is that of a gentleman who inherited his diseased craving for alcohol. He will not drink, it may be, for a year. Then he will put his business into such a shape that he can leave it for a few days and deliberately get drunk. For two days he devotes his energies to getting drunk and staying drunk. He is not at the least trouble to any one when he is drinking. He eludes himself up in his room, and drinks alone. In two days he will drink a gallon of the best scotch whisky. He always begins drinking in the evening. The third evening he goes to bed in a heavy state of intoxication. At about midnight his vision comes to him. He dreams that he went to bed, and slept

soundly until awakened by a hard, white, flickering light. He lies awake wondering what causes the light, and hears a loud knock on his bedroom door. "Come in!" he cries. The door is thrown wide open and a man who has been freshly flayed stalks in. The flayed man smiles in a ghastly manner, and nods in friendly recognition. The dead is gone from his mouth. His teeth grin mockingly. He stations himself opposite the bed and leans against the wall, his shoulders making a bloody mark where he leans. His lidless eyes roll and his tongue lolls. The bedroom door remains open. My friend looks out of the door and into the street. There he sees a long column of flayed men marching rapidly down the road. Stragglers drop out from the column and enter his room. When ten men have entered, his bedroom door closes. The flayed men, who are covered with fresh blood, walk silently around the room looking at him. They point their bloody fingers at him. At a signal from the man who first entered they all march out. Presently they return, each carrying a flayed and bloody corpse. The blood has dried on the live men while they were absent, and it flakes from them as they re-enter the room with their ghastly burdens. The corpses are placed on the floor in a row, side by side. At a signal from the leader of the skeleton horrors, they straddle the dead bodies, and bending over, grasp them around the waists. Then straightening up, with the legs of the dead men between their own, they move around the room in a weird dance, now advancing, now retreating, then circling around the bed, and always leering and grinning at my friend. After desperate efforts he awakens, and the vision disappears. It is his warning to quit drinking, and he does so."

Then spoke an ex-Confederate artillery officer: "Most apes have vicious, all of them horrible, that are nature's warnings to them to quit drinking. But there is another class of illusions arising from an unwise use of alcohol, which I suspect are much more common than is generally known. The men who suffer from these illusions are apt to conceal their troubles, being ashamed to confide them to their most intimate friends. I know of two cases that may interest you. They are queer manifestations of alcoholic disturbances of the brain."

We gathered closely around the table, and all of us, as one man, demanded the stories. The ex-Confederate officer said: "Johnson was raised on the Sea Islands. He married shortly before the war. He entered the Army of Virginia. His wife, to whom he was devoted, died shortly after he left her. He is a well-educated, courageous gentleman. I will tell you of the vision that invariably arises before him if he drinks at all. I will tell it in the first person, just as he told it to me. Imagine that Johnson is talking: 'When ever I drink, I am haunted by a vision that arises before me as soon as I am asleep. It is this: My wife is by my side, her soft hand lovingly slipped in mine. We are walking up an oyster shell path toward our Sea Island home. Entering our house I realize that it has been deserted, and an unaccountable feeling of dread rolls over me in an icy wave at this discovery. Then my wife speaks, saying, softly, 'I am afraid.' Instantly my mind is flooded with the recollection of a dreadful horror that I had not thought of for years. I remember that we had abandoned the house because it was haunted. Our experience, as I recall it, was that a spirit walked nightly in the attic, and, after a short walk, descended the stairs. When the door at the foot of the column of whitish vapor floated silently into the hall, then, turning to the left, it entered my room and passed out of the window."

"Supplemented to this horror was another manifestation of rare occurrence and at highly irregular intervals. This was a voice accompanied by footsteps. Sometimes heavy footsteps, at others as if the infirm steps of age were tottering around the house. Again they crept along the inside of the partitions. Then the voice groaned, as if in pain. I knew the voice to be that of a negro of hideous aspect and gigantic size, whom one of my ancestors had scourged to death. That voice threatened us with dreadful disasters, and made the night hideous with its cries. 'It always came in the gray of the evening, and stayed all night. The recollection of these horrors, that had haunted my memory, terrified me. My wife saw that I was unnered, and clung closely to me, repeating in trembling tones, 'I am afraid. I am afraid. I am afraid.' I tried to restore her courage, but I could not. I looked at her, and saw that she, too, recollected the dreadful tale. She endeavored to leave the house, but could not. Then we sought refuge in the parlor, and trembling awaited, we knew not what. Suddenly a barbaric tune was beaten on the floor above us, as though pounded out with a war club, and the voice spoke tauntingly, saying: 'To-night you shall see me.' An irresistible force drew us to our bedroom. The column of vapor descended out of the window, and entered it, flooded out of the window. Then we sought to escape from the dreaded voice by hiding in dark corners; but the voice tauntingly called us forth."

"Finally, in despair, we entered the parlor, and there the end came. Forth from the solid wall strode a gigantic naked negro. His flesh was scored as though with a whip. Blood marked the trail as he walked. He stalked toward us. With an exultant grin he glared fiercely at us. Then he slowly stretched out his hand, as though to grasp my wife's yellow hair. An overpowering base and cowardly terror seized me. My only fear was that the black specter

would grasp me instead of my wife. She clung to me with twining arms, murmuring, 'Protect me! Save me!' Barely I thrust her from me toward the outstretched hand of the gigantic black. She looked at me lovingly, reproachfully, and with a kind, forgiving smile on her face, fell dead at my feet. With ineffable scorn the negro pointed his horny index finger at me and said, 'A coward! The first of his race,' and disappeared with a crash that always awakened me."

The ex-Confederate ceased talking for an instant while he lit a fresh cigar, and then he said: "That is Johnson's vision. It never varies a particle, and he sees it if he drinks as much as one glass of whiskey. Of course you all understand that there is not any ground for the vision. It is, from beginning to end, an alcoholic phantasm."

"Then there was Wallace," and the narrator smiled at his memories. "His was a queer case of physical recollection of a flight and drunken biling. Wallace got drunk in town (I am talking of Northern Alabama), and while drunk got into trouble. Being hard pressed, he drew his pistol and killed his opponent, who was a worthless creature. The dead man's friends, also worthless creatures, gathered in an excited crowd. Wallace, partly sobered, realized his danger, and resolved to get out of town if possible. His horse stood in the shed. Wallace kept the sword off by pistol shooting, that may have been a little indiscriminate, until he was mounted. By this time some of the dead man's friends were also mounted. Wallace fled and was hotly pursued. His plantation was some eight miles the other side of the river. The pursuing horsemen cut him off from the bridge by riding up a side road. Seeing this he turned his horse and rode down the river bank at full gallop. It was quite dark by this time. After riding about a mile down the river bank he spurred his horse into the stream. His horse carried him across safely and eluded up the opposite bank."

"Wallace rode into the heavy forest at full gallop. He remembered no more of that night's experience. The next morning he awoke in a darkened room. He was lying on a rough, dirty floor. Staggering to his feet he felt around his unknown quarters until he found a hole in the floor. A ladder had been thrust through the opening and projected a couple of feet above the floor. He descended the ladder and found himself in a basement, one side of which opened on a gulch. He saw an abandoned still house. He saw the tracks made by his horse, but the horse was gone. He did not know where he was. It was ten o'clock before he found a road he knew, and noon before he reached home. His horse returned home during the previous night. Ever after, when Wallace got drunk in that town, he would wake up the next morning in the dark attic of the deserted still house. He always turned his horse loose and had to walk home. When he left the country and the old associations were broken, he quit riding around at midnight to hide in dirty attic."

It was growing late. Our party bade one another good night and wandered off to bed. FARMER WILKINS.

Household Hints and Helps.

A wholesome and excellent pudding is made of oatmeal. Mix the oatmeal with a little cold water; then stir it boiling milk. Stir in the proportion of three tablespoonsful of oatmeal to one quart of milk; flavor, and let it cool in bowls or moulds, which you have first wet with cold water. Make a sauce to eat with this of cream and sugar, or jelly sauce made thus: To half a pint of boiling water allow an ounce of sugar and two heaping tablespoonsful of jelly; a teaspoonful of flour, corn starch, or sago should be dissolved in a little cold water and stirred in. Let this come to a boil, and it is ready for the table.

Nice bread-cake is made of two cups of light bread dough, one and a half cups of sugar, half a cup of butter, three tablespoonsful of sour milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, half a grated nutmeg, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, a cup of raisins chopped and with flour dusted over them. Stir in all but the raisins, and put them in the last thing. It should rise for half an hour and then be baked in a moderate oven.

Flour may be browned for soup and gravies as follows: Put in a sauce pan and set it over the fire; stir it every moment, as it will be in danger of burning. It must be kept in a dry place. Save your empty baking-powder cans to put it in. You can brown a pint or so at a time.

Grandmother's minute pudding was made in this way: Let some sweet milk come to a boil, then stir in flour which you have sifted; this must be done very briskly or it will be lumpy. Stir every moment until the pudding is about like cream. Serve while hot, with sugar and cream; flavor the cream with nutmeg or vanilla.

Barley water, so often recommended for the sick, may be varied and made to relish by adding stoned raisins to it. Let it boil after putting the raisins in. If figs are preferred, cut them in pieces and put them in.

To clean carpets: Dampen some Indian meal, mix salt with it, and sprinkle over the carpet; sweep vigorously. Take a small sharp-pointed stick to remove the salt and meal from cracks and corners.

THE BLACK HOLE.—Mr. BAYNE, an engineer in the employment of the East India Railway Company, has succeeded in identifying the exact site of the historical Black Hole in Calcutta, and has laid bare a portion of its walls. They are in a perfect state of preservation, with the masonry intact on the inner surface. The dimensions of the chamber correspond exactly with those recorded.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

LANDING IN HONOLULU on Sunday, a writer for the San Francisco Chronicle set forth to see the people of the capital of the Hawaiian kingdom; but all the houses were closed, and, after a depressing walk in the deserted streets, he turned his steps toward his ship. He found one door open—a chemist's shop with a soda water fountain. The thermometer marked over 100 degrees; yet the keeper of the place had to say, "We do not sell soda today; we can't buy it on Sunday." The writer continues: "A photographer who had traveled with his new acquaintances, some pictures of the island in his studio, and now he expressed his regret that it could not be done. 'But why not?' 'Oh, you could not see them without light.' 'But there is plenty of light.' 'Ah, you do not know Honolulu,' said the photographer; 'if a window of my place were to be seen open on Sunday we should all get into trouble, and mine wouldn't be soon.'"

THE EDITOR of *The Jeweler's Circular* says that a large organized gang of thieves and burglars who make a specialty of preying on jewelry stores have recently left New York city. Their new field of operations has been discovered, but meanwhile Mr. Hopkins says that out-of-town jewelers will do well to take all precautions to guard their wares, and keep a sharp lookout for suspicious persons.

THE MOST PROFITABLE industry of the new Swedish colony in Aroostook county, Maine, is that of raising potatoes for the starch factories, of which there are twenty-six. The largest of these made last year 392 tons of starch from 98,000 bushels of potatoes. The process of starch making is simple, consisting merely of grinding the potatoes, washing the pulp, and settling the starch in three vats successively after it has been thoroughly washed with clean water to remove all impurities. Furnace heat is employed for drying.

OF THE CHALLENGE prima donna of negro minstrelsy, a performer is quoted as saying: "Tony Foley, generally known as 'Ricardo,' didn't have any difficulty in cultivating the falsetto voice that he used so cleverly on the stage. The trouble was all the other way. His thin, womanish voice was natural. He had in boyhood been a soprano singer in a church choir, and when he grew to manhood the qualification for that kind of vocalism didn't leave him. That was all very well as providing a means of making an easy good living; but he was sensitive about it, and would gladly have spoiled it by acquiring a masculine depth of tone. It was his constant endeavor to get rid of his falsetto."

DR. J. P. BARNUM, of Louisville, who has just returned from the wonderful salt and gas well in Brandenburg, Ky., tells a *Commercial* reporter that the flow is as great as it was at the time of the discovery in 1865. The well, which is 560 feet deep, has been tided so as to separate the gas from the water. The Doctor's tests showed an hourly escape of 47,120 cubic feet of gas, with a velocity of 100 miles an hour, and a pressure of 100 pounds to the square inch. This is the third crop, in succession. "We are told," below an average, following six successive crops above an average yield, or twenty-six bushels per acre, and the quality of the crop in the frosted belt is said to be very poor. The report is not flattering, but it will be well if the present deficiency of the corn harvest turns out to be no greater than the department estimates it. The Chicago correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* evidently fears that the crop is generally overestimated, and states that "Iowa has not enough corn for home consumption," while Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan are virtually in the same predicament.

Though it is not likely that there will be any scarcity of corn in the country before the crop of 1884 is secured, the fact that for three successive years this most important of all our cereal crops should have been cut short by untimely Northwestern frosts emphasizes the expediency of extending its cultivation south of the thirty-eight parallel. Unless the spring opens early in the Northwest and the corn gets a good start so as to mature before the middle of September, it is always liable to injurious frosts. The great stream of tropical vapor traversing the United States in summer (under which alone can be found the temperature and rainfall necessary for the perfection of this tropical plant) is projected from the Gulf coast, and after reaching the Missouri and Ohio valleys is deflected eastward to the west end of Lake Erie. Within the area overspread by this "vapor plane," and a small rain belt Southwest of Lake Michigan, we must look hereafter for our chief supply of corn. Next year especially it is to be greatly desired that the acreage of corn within this area will be largely increased.

Declined.

Mr. Lewis David Cohen, a Jewish tradesman in London, declined to serve on a coroner's jury, on the ground that he was forbidden to do so by the Jewish law. As regards the descendants of Aaron, the high priest, the twenty-first chapter of Leviticus says: "Neither shall he enter into any house where there is a dead body," and Mr. Cohen said he was a direct descendant of Aaron. He was fined by the coroner, but appealed to the Court of Quarter Sessions, where Mr. Cohen's objection was defended by his chief rabbi, who had him self declined to attend a thanksgiving in St. Paul's over the recovery of the Prince of Wales, on the ground that dead bodies were interred there. The court remitted the fine, and excused the plaintiff from future service on coroners' juries.

THE WASHINGTON (Ga.) *Gazette* tells of a farmer in Wilkes county, that State, who has on his place an old negro who this year worked a blind mule. The negro lived on a rather out-of-the-way part of the plantation, and the farmer in the first part of the year, speaking from the prospects of the year's labor said: "Well, we won't count the old man, he's got a blind mule." And old Uncle Ned worked ahead as best he could, and it now turns out that he beat the whole plantation farming—he and his blind mule raising larger crops than any other man and mule on the place.

IT SEEMS STRANGE THAT AN IMMENSE trade should be done in this country in importing eggs. One would suppose that the domestic fowls of an immense country might produce enough for the consumption of the population, whereas last year no less than 182,000,000 eggs were imported. In 1880 the number of foreign eggs received at the Custom House was 110,000,000. In the following year it had increased to 140,000,000; last year 182,000,000 represented the number imported, and it is expected that this year's importation will reach the enormous total of 200,000,000. What are our hens at home doing?

An American Institution.

These are the days of that glorious American Institution, pumpkin pie. The hotel or restaurant pumpkin pie is not the simple pure article. It has had too many foreign airs added to it. It may be good and it may pass for what it is intended, but it can't hold a candle to the pumpkin pie our mothers and grandmothers made. Just look at the difference in the two brands. Mother's had a nice short crust with an edge about an inch deep and this was a pump measure of pumpkin "pulp" mixed with nice fresh eggs, milk and just enough spice to give it flavor. It was a picture of a blooming, healthy pie. It makes a man's mouth water to think of it. The store kind of pumpkin pie has a sort of sickly second cousin countenance and is scarcely over an eighth of an inch thick, with a crust on the bottom that almost breaks a thinner's shins to cut it. At for taste, that has to be imagined, as it is a sort of go-as-you-please flavor between tan bark and cinnamon. Then again, one hundred store pies will be made out of an ordinary twenty-cent pumpkin. Each pie is cut into eight pieces about the size of two fingers, which sells for five cents each. This brings forty cents for a pie, or forty dollars for the product of the pumpkin. That leaves the store-keeper thirty-nine dollars and eighty cents profit on his pumpkin and as the crust is thin with no shortening in it, eighty cents ought to cover the cost, leaving an even thirty-nine dollars profit on the transaction! A slice of mother's pumpkin pie the size of your two hands, that's the regulation cut in home made pie, and an inch and a half thick contains more real pie than a dozen store pies, and there is no danger of trouble from indigestion after eating it. There should be some action taken by the legislature to prevent the degeneration of this great American institution—pumpkin pie. If this is not done, future generations will read in history of a dish now so highly prized by patriotic citizens and grave to think that the building of the pumpkin pie of their forefathers is a lost art—Peck's Sun.

The Indian Corn Crop.

The November report of the Department of Agriculture gives the total yield of the Indian corn crop this year as approximately 1,677,000,000 bushels. If this estimate is correct the product this year falls about 40,000,000 bushels short of the crop of 1882, notwithstanding a large increase of acreage. This is the third crop, in succession. "We are told," below an average, following six successive crops above an average yield, or twenty-six bushels per acre, and the quality of the crop in the frosted belt is said to be very poor. The report is not flattering, but it will be well if the present deficiency of the corn harvest turns out to be no greater than the department estimates it. The Chicago correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* evidently fears that the crop is generally overestimated, and states that "Iowa has not enough corn for home consumption," while Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan are virtually in the same predicament.

Though it is not likely that there will be any scarcity of corn in the country before the crop of 1884 is secured, the fact that for three successive years this most important of all our cereal crops should have been cut short by untimely Northwestern frosts emphasizes the expediency of extending its cultivation south of the thirty-eight parallel. Unless the spring opens early in the Northwest and the corn gets a good start so as to mature before the middle of September, it is always liable to injurious frosts. The great stream of tropical vapor traversing the United States in summer (under which alone can be found the temperature and rainfall necessary for the perfection of this tropical plant) is projected from the Gulf coast, and after reaching the Missouri and Ohio valleys is deflected eastward to the west end of Lake Erie. Within the area overspread by this "vapor plane," and a small rain belt Southwest of Lake Michigan, we must look hereafter for our chief supply of corn. Next year especially it is to be greatly desired that the acreage of corn within this area will be largely increased.

Declined.

Mr. Lewis David Cohen, a Jewish tradesman in London, declined to serve on a coroner's jury, on the ground that he was forbidden to do so by the Jewish law. As regards the descendants of Aaron, the high priest, the twenty-first chapter of Leviticus says: "Neither shall he enter into any house where there is a dead body," and Mr. Cohen said he was a direct descendant of Aaron. He was fined by the coroner, but appealed to the Court of Quarter Sessions, where Mr. Cohen's objection was defended by his chief rabbi, who had him self declined to attend a thanksgiving in St. Paul's over the recovery of the Prince of Wales, on the ground that dead bodies were interred there. The court remitted the fine, and excused the plaintiff from future service on coroners' juries.

Declined.

Mr. Lewis David Cohen, a Jewish tradesman in London, declined to serve on a coroner's jury, on the ground that he was forbidden to do so by the Jewish law. As regards the descendants of Aaron, the high priest, the twenty-first chapter of Leviticus says: "Neither shall he enter into any house where there is a dead body," and Mr. Cohen said he was a direct descendant of Aaron. He was fined by the coroner, but appealed to the Court of Quarter Sessions, where Mr. Cohen's objection was defended by his chief rabbi, who had him self declined to attend a thanksgiving in St. Paul's over the recovery of the Prince of Wales, on the ground that dead bodies were interred there. The court remitted the fine, and excused the plaintiff from future service on coroners' juries.

Declined.

Mr. Lewis David Cohen, a Jewish tradesman in London, declined to serve on a coroner's jury, on the ground that he was forbidden to do so by the Jewish law. As regards the descendants of Aaron, the high priest, the twenty-first chapter of Leviticus says: "Neither shall he enter into any house where there is a dead body," and Mr. Cohen said he was a direct descendant of Aaron. He was fined by the coroner, but appealed to the Court of Quarter Sessions, where Mr. Cohen's objection was defended by his chief rabbi, who had him self declined to attend a thanksgiving in St. Paul's over the recovery of the Prince of Wales, on the ground that dead bodies were interred there. The court remitted the fine, and excused the plaintiff from future service on coroners' juries.

Declined.

Mr. Lewis David Cohen, a Jewish tradesman in London, declined to serve on a coroner's jury, on the ground that he was forbidden to do so by the Jewish law. As regards the descendants of Aaron, the high priest, the twenty-first chapter of Leviticus says: "Neither shall he enter into any house where there is a dead body," and Mr. Cohen said he was a direct descendant of Aaron. He was fined by the coroner, but appealed to the Court of Quarter Sessions, where Mr. Cohen's objection was defended by his chief rabbi, who had him self declined to attend a thanksgiving in St. Paul's over the recovery of the Prince of Wales, on the ground that dead bodies were interred there. The court remitted the fine, and excused the plaintiff from future service on coroners' juries.

Declined.

Mr. Lewis David Cohen, a Jewish tradesman in London, declined to serve on a coroner's jury, on the ground that he was forbidden to do so by the Jewish law. As regards the descendants of Aaron, the high priest, the twenty-first chapter of Leviticus says: "Neither shall he enter into any house where there is a dead body," and Mr. Cohen said he was a direct descendant of Aaron. He was fined by the coroner, but appealed to the Court of Quarter Sessions, where Mr. Cohen's objection was defended by his chief rabbi, who had him self declined to attend a thanksgiving in St. Paul's over the recovery of the Prince of Wales, on the ground that dead bodies were interred there. The court remitted the fine, and excused the plaintiff from future service on coroners' juries.

Declined.

Mr. Lewis David Cohen, a Jewish tradesman in London, declined to serve on a coroner's jury, on the ground that he was forbidden to do so by the Jewish law. As regards the descendants of Aaron, the high priest, the twenty-first chapter of Leviticus says: "Neither shall he enter into any house where there is a dead body," and Mr. Cohen said he was a direct descendant of Aaron. He was fined by the coroner, but appealed to the Court of Quarter Sessions, where Mr. Cohen's objection was defended by his chief rabbi, who had him self declined to attend a thanksgiving in St. Paul's over the recovery of the Prince of Wales, on the ground that dead bodies were interred there. The court remitted the fine, and excused the plaintiff from future service on coroners' juries.

Declined.

Mr. Lewis David Cohen, a Jewish tradesman in London, declined to serve on a coroner's jury, on the ground that he was forbidden to do so by the Jewish law. As regards the descendants of Aaron, the high priest, the twenty-first chapter of Leviticus says: "Neither shall he enter into any house where there is a dead body," and Mr. Cohen said he was a direct descendant of Aaron. He was fined by the coroner, but appealed to the Court of Quarter Sessions, where Mr. Cohen's objection was defended by his chief rabbi, who had him self declined to attend a thanksgiving in St. Paul's over the recovery of the Prince of Wales, on the ground that dead bodies were interred there. The court remitted the fine, and excused the plaintiff from future service on coroners' juries.

Declined.

## WAYSIDE INNS.

A Chat With a Landlord of the Days of Stage Coaches and Cattle Drivers.

"How long have you kept a roadside hotel?" inquired a reporter of the hale, bushy proprietor of a hotel several miles from the city on the Grand River road. "Nearly forty. I've been at it so long that I suppose I'd be home sick if I was to quit it now. Sort of second nature to me now, you know."

"There must have been some changes in the business since you commenced it?" ventured the reporter. "Changes?" ejaculated the veteran hostess as he dropped one leg to the floor and threw the other across it. "Why, man, keeping a hotel now is no more like what it was twenty or thirty years ago than a Vermont Sunday is like a Cincinnati one! It would kill me now to work as hard as I used to then. What with the stage coaches, and farmers' wagons, and the drovers, business was lively all day. About sundown the droves of cattle would begin to stop for the night, and by the time one was put into a yard and fed another would arrive, and it would be 11 or 12 o'clock before the last of them would be cared for."

"In the house it was even worse than at the barn. The drovers and their boys would be awful hungry, and the way they would hide vicious was a whole show. The tables were occupied from early morning until late at night, such a thing as clearing them off and resetting them never being thought of. All that the girls could do was to bring more, more, all the time. If they got to bed by midnight they were lucky, and it was just as bad with the cooks—the stove was hot all the time."

"About twelve or one o'clock everybody would be in bed and the house would be still, but not for more than two or three hours. By three o'clock those drovers who got in early the night before and were abed by nine o'clock, would be up, stamping about the house, shouting for their breakfast and pounding on the bar for me to come down and give them their biters. I couldn't stand it now."

"You must have made money or you wouldn't have stood it then." "Oh, I've got a four hundred acre farm down here. I make a little something out of the hotel yet. There's a good deal of travel by here in the day time, most of 'em stops to get a cigar or a nip or bait their horses, and a few dollars drop into the till every day."

"Have the drovers deserted you entirely?" "No, there's a few of them that keeps to the road yet, but it's a rare sight now to see a big drove of cattle, with the boss on horseback, half a dozen drivers and a big shepherd dog. Those dogs used to be wonderful intelligent. The railroads have put an end to all that."

"And ruined the business of the wayside inn."

"Well, no. There ain't so much money in the business as their used to be, but there's a heap more comfort."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Too Many Weeds.

Probably more than half of all the weeds are first brought to our farms in the grass seed. Suppose we are given a bushel of clover or timothy seed containing only twenty seeds of ripple or wild carrot or daisy; how much better to burn it than to sow and go over the fields time after time to pull out the weeds; it would cost more than ten times the price of the seed to get the last of these plants out. It is far better to refuse entirely those seeds with only a few weeds seeds, and to say a rough price for those entirely free from them; and then on seedling land we should sow plenty of seed, so as to have the surface fully occupied with the desired crop.

As a means of cleaning foul land and of keeping that already clean from becoming foul, there is no system with greater advantages than fall following, and it should be far more generally followed than it now is. Sheep are also great weed destroyers; when green and tender many varieties of weeds are eagerly sought after and quickly eaten by them, and no seed of any plant ever grows after having passed the digestion machinery of the sheep.

If we would clean out the weeds and keep them out, we must maintain a constant fight, and go over all our farm at least twice each year in search of any stray plant that may be growing from seed so generously donated by some slovenly neighbor. Offer the boys a bounty of so much for each weed-root found on the premises, and you will be surprised how sharp their eyes will become, and you will find it to pay more ways than one. It will not only clean out the weeds, but it teaches them, no matter how much in a hurry, always to pull a weed, and the habit fully acquired will be worth much more than the bounty will cost you. A good clean farm is not only a source of profit, but of pleasure as well.—J. B. WOODWARD, Niagara county, N. Y.

OYSTERS.—New Haven's oystermen smile derisively at the rumor of a New York and Chicago syndicate's forming to monopolize the oyster trade, and as to electricity killing the star fish that are destroying oysters in the Sound the dealers say that the electric shock would kill the fish would kill the oyster also.

SLANDER.—Judge Fisher of Baltimore having decided that a man is liable in damages for slanderous words uttered by his wife, Mr. Scholer of that city had to pay \$100 and costs because his wife had said uncomplimentary things of Mrs. Anna Mashe.

Only Two.—There are now but two surviving officers of the great sea fight of Trafalgar in 1805.

Only Two.—There are now but two surviving officers of the great sea fight of Trafalgar in 1805.

Only Two.—There are now but two surviving officers of the great sea fight of Trafalgar in 1805.

Only Two.—There are now but two surviving officers of the great sea fight of Trafalgar in 1805.

Only Two.—There are now but two surviving officers of the great sea fight of Trafalgar in 1805.

Only Two.—There are now but two surviving officers of the great sea fight of Trafalgar in 1805.

## HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Many husbands, from indifference or intolerance, allow their wives to manage at home as they please. But the husband who thinks that his wife has the same right to manage her household affairs that he has to manage his business, is a very rare man. Some men are good-natured about it, and besides they may think they fare better when they recognize the wife's independent responsibility. Such husbands usually pride themselves upon their amiability. You will hear them say:

"I let her manage pretty much as she pleases."

To show how that sounds, reverse it. The husband is a builder of houses. The wife says, with a gracious concession: "Oh, I let him manage pretty much as he pleases."

Two men engage in the grocery business. One sells, the other buys, delivers and collects. One does the inside, the other does the outside work. This is a common division of labor. Now imagine one of these men to say:

"I manage the outside to suit myself, but I let my partner manage the inside pretty much as he pleases."

If the partner happen to be a man of spirit, and hears this remark, he will probably make short work of his companion's impudence.

If one of the grocery men were heard pleading with his partner:

"Please let me have five dollars, I promise you I will spend it prudently," the listener would exclaim:

"What does it mean? I thought they were partners; but I see they are master and slave, or at the very least employer and small boy."

In human life there are few scenes so trying as a wife begging for money. She is perhaps educated and refined, her husband perforce coarse and tobacco-soaked. But he does the outside work, including the collecting, and she does the inside work. If you have the heart, listen.

"John, dear, I hate to speak to you about it, but I have put it off till I can't put it off any longer."











